

# THE COURIER-GAZETTE

EVERY-OTHER-DAY . . . TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

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Rockland, Maine, Tuesday, May 3, 1921.

Volume 76 . . . . . Number 53.

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## The Courier-Gazette

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ALL THE HOME NEWS

BY THE ROCKLAND PUBLISHING CO.

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**NEWSPAPER HISTORY**  
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There is strength of quiet endurance as significant of courage as the most daring feats of prowess.—Tuckerman.

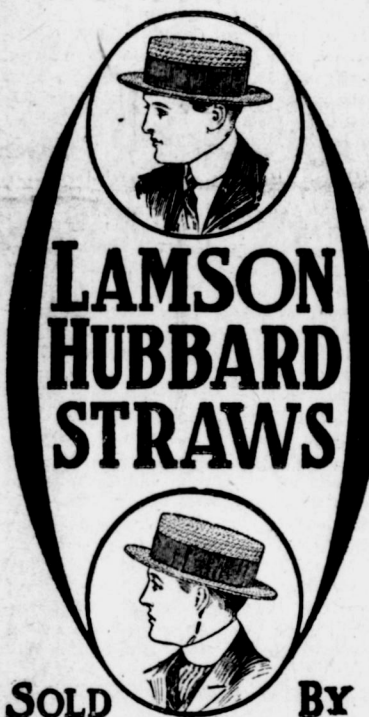
### KNOX POMONA GRANGE

Knox Pomona range meets next Saturday with Warren Grange, and it will be known as Brothers' Day. The program follows:

Fifteen-minute song service led by Rev. C. W. Turner; address of welcome, John Connell; response, James Dornan; song, Harold Pease; question—What Do You Consider the Greatest Issues Before the American People, and How Are They Likely to Be looked Upon by the 17,000,000 Women Voters? W. A. Ayer and F. O. Jameson; piano solo, W. J. Bryant; What Is the State Doing That Is of Special Value to the Farmers? S. E. Norwood, E. E. Light, Ralph Wentworth, O. A. Copeland; Some of the Ways Our Schools Might Be Improved, Superintendent of Schools F. D. Rowe; song, Ray Stewart; closing thought by the worthy lecturer, R. S. Simmons.

### THANKS THE PAPER.

Editor of The Courier-Gazette:—In behalf of the Girls' Basket Ball Team of the Rockland High School, I wish to thank you for the splendid support your paper has given us in the season just past.  
M. Margaret Flanagan, Manager.



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## FATE OF TRAWLERS

What the Atlantic Fisherman Says About a Much Discussed Topic—Situation Across.

The Atlantic Fisherman sees little prospect of immediate action in the beam trawler situation. It says:

Although conferences are being held periodically between representatives of the fishermen's union and the trawler owners of New England in an effort to reach a satisfactory wage schedule, it would seem that the prospect of adjustment is as far removed as ever. If the present deadlock may be construed as a waiting-out policy, in which each side is endeavoring to "starve out" the other, it is certain that the beam trawlers will not operate until winter season.

Many of the trawler fishermen have gone to Southern waters, while others are finding berths on the summer sailing fleets. Working under the "minimum price agreement" they are assured of good wages until fall.

As a result of the trawler lay-off the small boat fishermen in the smaller ports are busy fitting out their vessels for a promising season. A local agent for a well-known imported fish hook cannot get supplies enough to fill the demand from this class of his trade. The marine motor people find an increasingly strong demand for their products. Reports from all along the North Atlantic coast indicate great activity among the small boat fishing fleets.

The fate of the steam trawler is a much discussed subject. It seems to be the opinion of the majority that under the present conditions of pre-war fish prices and war-time operating costs, the beam trawler's only salvation lies in its being put to sea at salt banking in the summer, and fresh fishing in the winter.

The lay-off of the beam trawlers is a sad commentary on the unbalanced merchandising methods that prevail in the American fish industry. While in normal times England may operate successfully a thousand steam trawlers, the United States, with twice the population, cannot find additional markets to care for the production of 50 such vessels.

A gloomy outlook at Hull, Grimsby and Milford Haven, England, is also shown by the Atlantic Fisherman. Writes the Hull correspondent:

"The present condition is not the work of a few weeks. For many months past markets have remained at a very low level. One trawler owner declares that during the first 19 days of February his aggregate losses sustained in the landings of 70 vessels was nearly £45,000. An Iceland vessel, after a three week's voyage, the expenses of which amounted to £1,400, landed a catch which realized but £200. These are not exceptional cases, and further figures prove that the industry is in the grip of a serious depression with little hope for immediate relief. Very few ships have earned their expenses this year."

From Grimsby comes this plaint: "While it is admitted that the trawler owners made a lot of money in the past, so great has been the drain on their capital that many of them do not know how to keep their vessels running. A plan to reduce operating vessels, in an effort to prevent glut and thus harden prices was found to be a bad scheme, for it threw many fishermen out of work. An unfortunate feature was that while Grimsby ships were being laid up to prevent a crash, the effort was nullified by foreign trawlers, who maintained the glut of fish."

### THINGS I WOULD LOVE TO DO

[For The Courier-Gazette]  
Go back to the farm by the hillside And long for the gentle spring. When the last big snowbank melted And the birds began to sing.  
Back to the farm by the hillside And tap the maple tree. And gather in the sap at night—How sweet 'twould be to me!  
Back to the farm by the hillside And down by that flowing stream Where I had my little sawmill. That ran without coal or steam!  
Back to the farm by the hillside And sow those fields of grain. In the beautiful days of sunshine, Mixed in with the gentle rain.  
Back to the farm by the hillside. Once more go down the lane Bringing the gentle, loving cows—They never come back again!  
Back to the farm by the hillside And hoe that lengthening row. Listening sharp at dinner time To hear the trumpet blow!  
Back to the farm by the hillside Where I was happy and gay. To play again by the roadside And up on the new-mown hay.  
Back to the farm by the hillside Fill up the huge potato-bin With bushels a twenty score.  
Back to the farm by the hillside. And there in the fall of the year Harvest the sheaves of golden corn And husk out every ear.  
Back to the home and fireside. And when my tasks were done To hew over the distant hilltop The setting of the sun.  
Back to the old home fireside—At night to an apple tree And peel and core the apples—With pretty girls to see!  
Back to the home and mother—No wint'ry nights we'd fear. Gathered around the fireside With many a song to cheer.  
Back to the old familiar home To live these days twice more. And mingle with the loved ones. Now gone to the other shore.  
Rockland, April 23. E. H. Philbrick.

Back to the farm by the hillside Where I was happy and gay. To play again by the roadside And up on the new-mown hay.

Back to the farm by the hillside Fill up the huge potato-bin With bushels a twenty score.

Back to the farm by the hillside. And there in the fall of the year Harvest the sheaves of golden corn And husk out every ear.

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## PAINTING AND PAPERING

—DONE BY—  
G. B. BLOOM  
60 WILLOW ST. TEL. 114-M, 115-116

## THE GOVERNORSHIP

Probable That There Will Be Five Candidates For Republican Nomination.

A special dispatch from Augusta to the Lewiston Journal contains the following political chat:

Although there has scarcely been time for a breathing spell since the legislature adjourned, a supply of political talk is floating about the capitol. Mostly it centers on who will be the next Governor.

While the natural idea would be that Gov. Baxter would be his own successor in 1923, this does not, necessarily, follow. This is no reflection or criticism of the Governor's administration to date. It is just one of those situations which grow out of circumstances over which men have no control.

It must be kept in mind that Governor Baxter was not elected to that office. It came to him unsought and unexpected. The tragic illness and death of Gov. Parkhurst on Jan. 31, made Percival P. Baxter, then president of the Senate, by virtue of his office, chief executive of Maine for the remainder of the two years which close in January, 1923. Precedent has long since established that Maine Republicans concede the honor of a re-nomination without opposition to their governors. That, however, applies only to those who have been elected to the office. Previous to this year Governors have died and the president of the Senate has taken over the duties of that office, but not one of them has been re-elected as Governor, or even re-nominated.

The last case was in 1883, when Hon. Edwin C. Burleigh of Augusta and Hon. Henry B. Cleaves of Portland, contested with Acting Governor Marble, who in 1886 took office on the death of Governor Bodwell, for the Republican nomination for Governor. It was a bitter battle. The State convention was held in Portland that year. Mr. Burleigh was nominated and elected.

The question now is whether Governor Baxter will be able to break the record of the past and win a nomination and an election in 1922.

It is possible that he will be opposed in the primary of that year, but it is difficult to find a man who believes it.

As yet no announcements of candidacies have been made. It was hardly to be expected. This doesn't alter the fact that a number are casting longings even serious eyes upon that end of the State House marked "executive department" and particularly the Governor's office. They all felt it expedient to wait a time before making known their ambitions, or rather the fact that they were going to turn these ambitions loose upon the voters next year.

Probably the name most mentioned as a possible opponent of Gov. Baxter for the nomination next year is Senator Frank G. Farrington of Portland. The death of the Governor changed all political programs in so far as aspirations for the governorship are concerned and there is little reason to think that Senator Farrington escaped a similar fate. There is little question but that the Senator would prefer to go into a primary contest in 1922 for the governorship. He is now serving his first term as a member of the Senate and, it is assumed, he would like to make the second term, because a man always has a better chance to accomplish things in his second term than in his first. Many feel that Senator Farrington keeps out of the governorship matter and comes back to the Senate, he will be its president in 1922, but his friends say he would not consider that proposition; that if he should return to the Senate again, he would remain on the floor, feeling that he could accomplish more there.

Few, however, figure that he will be among those whose names appear on the rolls of the Senate, when it meets in 1923. They say he will be either the governor or a defeated candidate for the Maine House of Representatives. They actually know of the facts remains to be seen.

Hon. John P. Deering of Saco, who gave Governor Parkhurst a good run for the nomination in the primaries last year, is expected to be in the fight which is now coming.

Immediately following the primary of 1920, Judge Deering made an announcement that he would be a candidate in the primary of 1924. The death of Gov. Parkhurst, as already pointed out, has changed the situation so that there is little question but what he will seek to win the nomination next year.

Penobscot county is expected to provide at least two candidates in the primary next year for the gubernatorial nomination. Hon. Taber D. Bailey of Bangor who was president of the Senate in 1917, and who was, for a period, seeking for the nomination in 1920, will it is asserted go after the place next year. Mr. Bailey and Gov. Parkhurst it will be recalled, decided which should drop out of the contest last year by means of a straw vote of the Republicans of the county taken the previous fall.

Mr. Bailey accepted the result of this straw vote and did all in his power to nominate and elect Col. Parkhurst. His friends now feel that he is free to enter the contest next year.

All the signs indicate that Mr. Bailey is going to have a fight right in his own dooryard, for Penobscot county men assert with great positiveness that the gubernatorial bee stung Hon. Leon F. Higgins of Brewer so severely that its only cure lies in the primary ballot box. They say that Mr. Higgins will be in the fight next year. He was president of the Senate in 1919 and has been mayor of

## CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Is He An Artist Or Only Just A Pie-Throwing, Low-Comedy Clown?

The coming to Rockland this week, after long absence, of the famous screen comedian Charlie Chaplin, starring in his latest (and by some judged the greatest) of his more ambitious plays, again raises warm discussion between two camps of critics as to this player's true position. The Courier-Gazette frankly confesses that it regards him as one of the great actors of his generation and never loses opportunity to enjoy his performances. Those of our readers at all interested in the discussion will perhaps like to see the article which the New York Times critic last year analyzed Chaplin's work. The article was written before he had appeared in "The Kids," the play billed for the Rockland appearance. It says:

The Chaplin revivals are reviving the discussions of the screen's most conspicuous comedian. Everybody admits that he is funny, but all do not agree that his fun is praise-worthy. Hence the discussions. The question is, What is Chaplin—an artist or a low comedy clown?

Many persons when they see him for the first time are offended. They laugh. But they do not admire. They are ashamed of themselves for laughing. Because something is funny it is not necessarily wholesome and elevating. It may be degrading. And there are those who consider Chaplin's comedy scarcely wholesome and elevating. They point to it as evidence of the low state of "the movies."

Yet others of equal intelligence say that Chaplin is an artist. They maintain that his pantomime is far from clownishness. They assert that it is not crude, but subtle to a high degree.

The weight of evidence obtained from a discriminating examination of Chaplin on the screen seems to be on the side of the latter. Chaplin is an artist. But he is not always artistic. Perhaps a few examples will make the distinction clear.

In "A Dog's Life" there is a scene in which Chaplin, after wearing out a policeman who has been vainly pursuing him, stands in triumph, stretching his arms, flinging them out as if to show that he is still fresh and full of vigor. He does not see a second policeman walk up behind him. But as he throws out one arm his hand touches the officer's shield. A progressive change comes over his face, over his whole manner and bearing. As his fingers fearfully examine the shield, he gradually realizes that he has escaped from one danger to find himself in another. Without looking around he fully realizes his predicament and by pure pantomime he makes this realization known. The scene is acted with rare subtlety. Only an artist could do it as Chaplin does it. And there are many such scenes in the Chaplin comedies. Take the incident in "Shoulder Arms" in which Chaplin shoots at Germans and scores a hit at each spot until his helmet is knocked off by a bullet from the enemy trenches. Or consider the scene in which he reads another soldier's letter.

But these are not the only scenes in the Chaplin comedies. In "A Dog's Life" a gross woman throws her chewing gum on the dancing floor and Chaplin steps on it. For a minute or more he struggles to pull his foot free. There is no subtlety, no artistry here. It is just low comedy. And Chaplin's propensity to kick every one in the seat of his trousers is horse-play and nothing more. There is considerable slap-stick and horse-play in the Chaplin comedies. Now there are a few statements that can be made regarding these things. First: Some people are so offended by the crudities and coarseness in Chaplin's comedies that they do not see the subtle, artistic elements. Second: Those who apparently do not mind the low comedy laugh just as heartily at Chaplin's finished performances as at his "rough stuff." He would be just as popular with them if he did only his finest work. And he would win many friends from among those who cannot see his artistry in his horse-play. Third: There are dozens of screen comedians who can do the horse-play as well as Chaplin while there is no one who can equal his pantomime when he acts in a scene worthy of it.

For the sake of seeing screen comedy reach its highest level, and for the sake of seeing Chaplin establish himself in the highest position in which he belongs, one is inclined to plead with him to be true to his own art. He has nothing to lose and everything to gain. And so has the world. One other remark may be made in the words of Dr. Victor O. Freuberg, who, in "The Art of Photoplay Making," has said: "Charlie Chaplin is a great screen comedian, but he has never yet acted in a great screen comedy."

Chaplin at his best in a true screen comedy—that would be something that no one could afford to miss.

Brewer so many times he has to use a pencil to figure them up. This gives, at the present time, a prospective field of five or six candidates for the nomination, which ought to make a primary battle worth watching.

Smalley's Bus is now running between Rockland, Camden and Belfast connecting for Bangor. Try the New Bus.—adv. 44tf

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## PUBLIC OPINION

Is Sought On Matter of High School Building—Mass Meeting To Be Held May 10

A mass meeting will be held in the Arcade one week from tonight for the purpose of obtaining an expression of public opinion in regard to a High School building. The meeting is called by Mayor Thorndike in response to the following resolutions adopted by the executive board of the Parent-Teachers Association:

Rockland, April 28.  
To His Honor, Reuben S. Thorndike, Mayor of the City of Rockland, Maine.

Whereas, At a recent meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association, well attended by citizens of the community, it was demonstrated that the present High School building is entirely inadequate in construction and equipment from an educational, physical and sanitary standpoint, and Whereas, It is the consensus of opinion, expressed at aforesaid meeting, that measures must be taken to remedy said conditions; bearing in mind that constant deterioration and the requirements of an ever increasing student body, call for immediate action, and

Whereas, The future prosperity of this community, being dependent upon the qualifications of its children, their advantages should be the best the community can afford.

Therefore, We, the undersigned members of the Executive Board of the Parent-Teachers Association, do respectfully petition His Honor, The Mayor of the City of Rockland, to call a meeting of its citizens, at such time and place as he may deem advisable, for the purpose of determining the will of said citizens in reference to the foregoing situation.

Josephine Wasgatt, Alice E. Richards, Helen K. Orne, Lois P. Cassens, Harriette G. Trask, Anne F. Snow.

Mayor Thorndike's reply follows: Mrs. Josephine Wasgatt, chairman of Executive Board of Parent-Teachers Association:—

Replying to petition of your Committee relative to the High School and its problems, I shall be glad to call such a meeting and will name Tuesday evening, May 10, at 7.30 p. m., in the Arcade, with public notice later. The questions involved are of such magnitude that the co-operative effort of all our citizens is desired if satisfactory results are to be obtained.  
R. S. Thorndike, Mayor.

### THE THOMASTON MEETING

Knox County Health Association Held An Interesting and Profitable Session.

The addresses of Dr. Worth and Dr. Loughlin, given at the meeting of the Knox County Public Health Association in Thomaston Wednesday evening of last week, were decidedly interesting and instructive to the people who took advantage of the unusual opportunity offered to listen to two such authoritative speakers. They dealt with subjects of interest to the average person: communicable diseases, preventive medicine, and the aims and accomplishments of the public health service. Questions and discussion by the other physicians present followed. At a short business session previous to the addresses, President Ingraham presiding, Miss Chaplin, the Public Health Nurse presented her report for the month of March, including among the items of special interest: 52 visits in Camden, Rockland, Rockport, St. George, Thomaston and Warren; 38 talks to schools and clubs; inspection of 75 pupils in the High School at Thomaston; a weekly class at Thomaston in home hygiene and care of the sick, with an attendance of 25.

Mrs. Bernice B. Sleeper was elected a director in the place of Mrs. Adelaide Snow, resigned. The report of Mrs. Oxtun for the committee on location of headquarters was presented and accepted. Further action in the matter will be taken when funds are available. As to membership in the association, it was emphasized that of each \$1 membership fee 75 cents is to be used for work in the town where received.

Dr. Leach of Tenants Harbor invited the Association to meet in that town in June.

With the Security Trust Co.'s clock keeping daylight saving time and Daniels' street clock recording standard time everybody ought to be satisfied. Standard time is maintained by the Daniels clock for the simple reason that it is so stated in large letters on the dial.

## YOUR FAVORITE POEM

Whatever your occupation may be and how ever crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your intellect with a bit of poetry.

—Charles Eliot Norton.

DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING  
(Old Song)  
Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,  
And don't be sorrowful, darling,  
For taking the year together, my dear,  
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,  
Time's waves, they heave and run,  
But taking the year together, my dear,  
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,  
Our heads are growing gray,  
But taking the year all round, my dear,  
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,  
And our roses, long ago,  
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,  
For the silent night and snow.

But God is God, my darling,  
Of night as well as of day,  
And we feel and know that we can go  
Wherever He leads us the way.

Age, God of the night, my darling,  
Of the night of death so grim,  
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,  
Is the gate that leads to Him.

—Author unknown.







## Talk of the Town

### COMING NEIGHBORHOOD EVENTS

May 3—Camden's May ball in opera house, auspices of C. A. C. C.

May 4—Country Club, ladies' auction at 2:30 p. m.

May 4—(League Baseball)—Rockland vs. Thomaston, Broadway ground, at 3:30.

May 5—Regular meeting of Knox County Amateur Wireless Association at 301 Main street.

May 5—Dance given by Oakland Park Band in the Arcade.

May 5—South Thomaston, Referendum dance in Grange hall.

May 7—Knox Pomona Grange meets with Warren Grange.

May 8—Country Club, luncheon at 7 o'clock.

May 9—(8:15)—Address, "Americanization through Education," Prof. L. J. Pollard, University of Maine, Woman's Educational Club.

May 9—(7 P. M.)—Annual meeting Woman's Educational Club, Methodist vestry.

May 10—Fair and dance by Penobscot View Grange Sewing Circle.

May 11—Annual meeting of Rockland Country Club, 7 p. m.

May 11—Camden, "School for Scandal" by W. M. Masque, under auspices Arrey-Heal Post.

May 13—Country Club, men and women, supper and auction.

May 13—May Festival at Arcade by Chapin Class of Universalist church.

May 14—Arbor Day.

May 17—Knox County W. C. T. U. Convention in North Union chapel.

May 20—Country Club, dancing at 8 p. m.

May 20—Meeting of Rockland Lodge of Perfection at Masonic Temple.

May 22—Country Club, final of season, concert at 4:30, luncheon 6:30.

May 25—Annual levee and ball of J. F. Sears Hose Co. in the Arcade.

May 27—Knox-Walton Music Festival in Camden Opera House.

May 29—Memorial Day.

June 7—United Baptist Convention of Maine meets, Baptist church, Camden.

July 11-16—Community Chautauqua in Rockland.

Aug. 2—Thomaston, Baptist church circle hold their summer sale.

Weather this week, Washington, April 30—Weather predictions for next week in the Atlantic States are: Fair and cool first half, and generally cloudy; normal temperature and probably showers latter half; frosts over northern portion.

The property of Mrs. John Kelley at the Head of the Bay has been sold to Mrs. E. H. Bleskore of Tenants' Harbor. It was owned in 1869 by Jeremiah Philbrook, grandfather of the present purchaser, and thus comes back into the family.

Chisholm Bros. have bought the business of the Drago Fruit Co. in Camden, and took possession yesterday. Valentine Chisholm will have charge of the Camden store, assisted by Everett Daugherty of Camden.

John Taylor of 105 South Main street is greatly vexed by the antics of boys around his premises in the night time, and tells The Courier-Gazette that his complaints to the authorities have all been in vain.

Winslow-Holbrook Post Wednesday night passed a resolution in favor of relief for disabled veterans and forwarded it to Congressman White.

The East Coast Benefit Association will hold a regular business meeting at K. P. hall Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Cables had salmon for their Monday dinner, which was caught in Chickawauke Lake by their son-in-law, F. E. Harding.

The Corner Drug Store yesterday found proprietor George E. Barbour the recipient of many congratulations. If it had been a girl she would probably have been named Kora, but Manfred Franklin Barbour is a perfectly good name for a boy.

Maine Central ferry boat Hercules went on duty Tuesday and will continue in service for about two weeks. The Ferdinand Gorges will be given a general overhauling at the Bath Iron Works and will then be sent to Boston where she will be scraped and painted.

Charles A. Heckbert, who is at Howden, Yorks, with the U. S. Airship Detachment, sends The Courier-Gazette copies of the London Daily Mail containing graphic accounts of the great coal strike in England. The situation was a very pessimistic one at the time the paper was mailed.

Rockland High School plays its first home game of the season on the Broadway ground tomorrow afternoon, and will face Thomaston High, which has already won the games in the Knox and Lincoln League, and which doesn't show any apparent intention of being stopped. Rockland has already been beaten by Thomaston in an exhibition game, but since then has defeated Lincoln Academy 18 to 1, and has had its lineup strengthened. Tomorrow's game, which begins at 3:30 o'clock, will give a fairly good line on what kind of a fight Rockland High is going to make in the League. Let everybody turn out and whoop 'er up for the boys.

The Knox County W. C. T. U. convention will be held at the North Union chapel Tuesday, May 17, day and evening.

Many persons who watched the Shriners' parade Friday noted the absence of street cars, and appreciated the fact that the procession was greatly improved thereby. Through the columns of The Courier-Gazette, Benjamin S. Whitehouse, the chief marshal, extends his personal appreciation to Supt. H. P. Blodgett for the consideration so kindly shown.

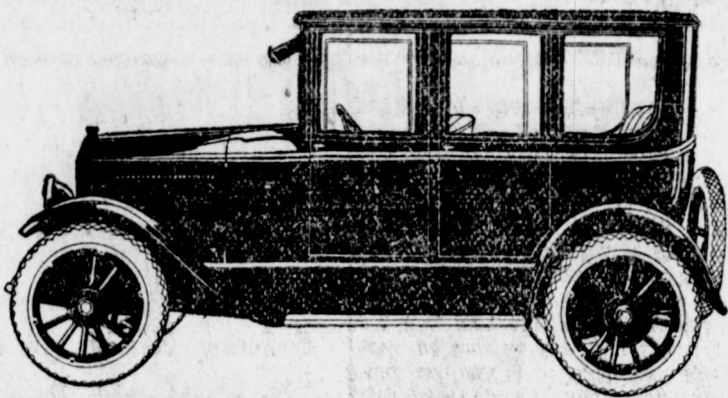
It was pessimism and it may be straight dope. Capt. Fields Pendleton of New York, who is regarded as one of the wisest men in the sphere of the windjammers, believes that the market for vessels will be to even lower levels during the next six or eight months. He predicts that shipping will experience a depression lasting for the next five years.

Among the appointments made by Gov. Baxter Friday were: Mrs. Lilla Elliot, Thomaston, trustee of juvenile institutions; Ernest L. Sprague, Islesboro, notary public; Willard E. Overland, Washington, justice of the peace.

### WANTED

## PRINTER

MAN OR WOMAN  
PERMANENT JOB  
The Courier-Gazette  
ROCKLAND, ME.



## DORT TOURING AND ROADSTERS

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## :CADILLACS: NEW MODEL FOUR OVERLAND ALL ON THE FLOOR TO DEMONSTRATE

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5 Ford Touring	1 1916 Cadillac
1 1917 Overland Road'r.	1 1917 Cadillac
1 1919 Reo Roadster	1 1918 Cadillac
1 Overland 90 Roadster	2 1920 Dorts
1 Ford 1 ton Truck	1 1919 Dort
1 Ford 1/2 ton Truck	2 1917 Dorts
1 1919 Olds Touring	1 1916 Dort

We still have a few

## GROCERY AND ROAD WAGONS

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CAR LOAD HORSES WILL ARRIVE  
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## Geo. M. Simmons

REAL ESTATE DEALER

23 Tillson Avenue

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ROCKLAND, ME.

Seven good-sized salmon and one large pickerel were the gratifying results attained by Clinton Bowley and Donald L. Karl in one day's fishing at Alford's Lake. Six of the fish were exhibited in the window of the Rockland Hardware Co. Saturday. It was Mr. Karl's first offense in salmon fishing and he feels not unreasonably pleased to think that the boat averaged a salmon every 45 minutes for the first four hours. "Beginner's luck" is the modest way that Don expresses it.

Looks like a big house for the Oakland Park Band's concert and dance in the Arcade Thursday evening. There will be a brief outdoor concert in advance.

Through Robert U. Collins' real estate agency Capt. R. K. Snow has bought from Mrs. Eli Staples a house on Lawrence street.

Early visits to cottages along the seashore as well as in the lake regions show that vandals have been busy during the winter. Much malicious mischief was done.

The trumpet call sounded and woke an echo over at North Haven! A melodious echo too, for Albert T. Adams, music teacher, has been doing fine work with his chorus. This is the first year that North Haven schools have had musical instruction, so its citizens who will follow their boys and girls to Camden next month expect to sit right down in the front row and feel justly proud of the home town's share in the Festival. North Haven will contribute a violinist, Miss Clara Leyenberg, to the orchestra.

A Beech street resident was plumbing himself Saturday because he had let his furnace fire out a month ahead of last year.

Winslow-Holbrook Post and Auxiliary have jointly signed a contract with the Coit-Albers Lyceum Bureau, for a course of three entertainments, to be given in this city in February, March and April, 1922. The course will be featured by a lecture from Carl Akeley, who is called the greatest animal sculptor in America. Mr. Akeley made several trips to Africa for the New York Museum of Natural History, and who has since been engaged in mounting the specimens and making bronze models of the elephants. He brings motion pictures made while on the hunt. Mr. Akeley distinguished himself by killing a leopard with his bare hands. The Orpheus Male Quartet of Los Angeles, which makes its appearance in the course, won the \$3000 prize offered by the Panama-Pacific Exposition to the best male quartet attending the exposition. This quartet makes many records for the Victor people. A third entertainment will be given by Beliharz, who gives character sketches, etc.

The past presidents of the Relief Corps will hold a rummage sale in Grand Army hall Thursday afternoon, commencing at 1 o'clock. Those who have articles to donate are asked to leave them at the hall Thursday forenoon.

Harry Naum will reopen the Boston Shoe Shining Parlors and Pool Room in Havener block next Saturday and will be glad to welcome his old patrons as well as new ones—adv.

A rehearsal of the Pageant of the Year will be held in the Universalist vestry tonight at 7:15.

Ellis W. Nash, a former Rockland boy, is president of the Damariscotta Board of Trade. Few enterprises for that town's benefit have failed to find him in the forefront of active workers.

The list of Mystic Shrine novices published in Saturday's issue left one of the names incomplete. It should have read Albert T. Adams instead of Albert Tinnahven.

Local painters report the dulllest spring they ever knew, due, no doubt, to the excessive cost of having such work done. A local contractor told The Courier-Gazette reporter yesterday that he had just paid \$8.85 for a kalsomine brush which he was formerly able to buy for \$1.35. "A paint brush which I used to be able to buy for \$1.25 would cost me now about \$18, if I could get it at all," he said. The white stock brushes used in paint brushes come from Russia, which has not been exporting much of late. Because of their scarcity the price of back brushes, which come from China, remains very high.

The Camden & Rockland Water Co., is painting its standpipe in Camden, a task which will occupy another fortnight. It is something of a coincidence that this work in Camden, Maine, should be done by a contractor from Camden, New Jersey, whose name is Main.

Schooners Alaska and Abbie S. Walker left here early from Sullivan with paying for New Bedford. Schooners Gilbert Standcliffe and Catwamteak sailed from this port yesterday for New Bedford laden with paying.

Knox county baseball fans who remember "Bush" Ladd of Warren as a crack backstop, will be interested to know that he is also scoring in amateur theatricals. The Belfast correspondent of the Bangor News writes: "Bush" Ladd made his first appearance as an actor in the part of Amos Bloodgood, a base thief of 20 years, going out with the boys once a week while his unsuspecting wife thought he was at his lodge. His business with his son-in-law, Perry, when each was trying to make the other think he was a Mason, was one of the best hits of acting in the show; and throughout the whole performance Mr. Ladd was as easy as on the diamond where he has heretofore made his public appearances. He can act as well as he can catch which is saying a good deal."

The Penobscot View Grange Sewing Circle will hold its annual fair followed by the supper and dance Tuesday, May 10, at Penobscot View Grange hall.

Our sale of wall papers is still going on. Room patterns \$1 per bundle. At the C. M. Blake Wall Paper Store, —adv. 47-11

Jones & Stream Taxi Service—All boat and train calls promptly attended to. Reasonable fares on long and long trips. Good comfortable open and closed 5 and 7 passenger cars. Telephone 367-6 or 511W, or 756. Night calls 367-6—adv. 51-62

Elmer Davis new garage on Belvidere street is completed.

The Robinson-Munroe house on Grace street is being reshingled.

It's our candid opinion that the wind is outstaying its welcome in the North-east.

"Standing room only" has been the word wherever Charlie Chaplin has appeared in "The Kid." And it will be the word here Wednesday and Thursday.

There will be a preliminary trial of the handub Albert R. Havener near the Lincoln street school building Thursday evening between 6 and 6:30. Members of the Veteran Firemen's Association are asked to help haul the tub from the Melvin barn on Gay street, meeting there at 6 o'clock. The formal dedication will take place later, after the uniforms arrive.

A spandy clean floor, windows wide open to admit the fresh air, a popular seven-piece orchestra, and a manager always on the job, are some of the reasons why the Skating Rink is receiving many new recruits.

The ministerial changes made at the recent session of the East Maine Methodist Conference have furnished lots of work for H. H. Stover & Co. this week, the firm's auto trucks being used in transferring the household belongings of the pastors. These transfers are being made: Rev. A. E. Hoyt, from Thomaston to Pittsfield; Rev. Daniel L. Kelley, from Pittsfield to Thomaston; Rev. A. E. Whitten from South Thomaston to Friendship; Rev. A. F. Leigh from Friendship to Rockport; and Rev. Roy Grafton of Swan's Island, from Rockland to Woolwich. The Stovers this week are also moving Howe W. Hall's furniture from Ellsworth to Rockland, and A. Q. Carter's furniture from Waterville to his summer home in Jefferson. By old methods these tasks would occupy about all spring.

Shute's auto service is making a round trip each day between Rockland and Augusta.

What appears to have been a bold attempt at second story work was nipped in the bud at Rockland Garage late Saturday night. Investigating a strange noise in the second story a workman found somebody had effected an entrance there. The intruder disappeared through one of the windows and was probably joined below by a confederate as two men were seen in that vicinity immediately afterward, and passed in close proximity to the police who did not then know of the attempted break. It is believed that somebody had designs on an occupant of the garage who had considerable money on his person.

Capt. L. B. Bradford, formerly of Rockland, who has been serving in the Polish army, has returned to Maine, and is now visiting in Portland, after spending a few days with his brother, Rev. Walter Bradford in Boothbay Harbor. He is on his way to China where he will be in the Red Cross service.

The remarkable comeback of Rockland High School by its 18 to 1 victory over Lincoln Academy has aroused a tremendous interest in the Thomaston-Rockland game at the Broadway grounds tomorrow afternoon. The contest begins at 3:30 sharp.

A telegram was received here Saturday afternoon, announcing the sudden death in Boston of Andrew J. Griffin of 17 Water street. Mrs. Griffin, the widow, left on the night boat for that city. Details have not been received, but it is understood that Mr. Griffin's death was preceded by several hemorrhages. The deceased was called to Boston the first of the week by the illness of his mother. Boston was his home prior to coming to Glen Cove, where he resided for a while before moving to Rockland, and he was in the employ of the Back Bay Taxi Co. He had been engaged in several enterprises since coming to Rockland and at the time of his death was manager of the Rockland Beverage Co. He was a member of the Owl Athletic Club. Mr. Griffin is survived by his wife and nine children.

There was heavy travel on the trolley Saturday. One conductor collected 800 fares and had 96 passengers on one trip out of Thomaston. "Way Down East" brought many persons into town, and the street was crowded with shoppers Saturday night.

The weekly session of the W. C. T. U. was held Friday at the home of Mrs. Fred S. Rhodes, a chief topic under discussion being the nationwide membership drive, which beginning May 1st will continue for about a fortnight. Letters in this connection were read from the State President, Mrs. Quimby, and Mrs. Frances P. Parker, the national corresponding secretary. Names of new members received, additional to those already reported, were Miss Mildred Packard, Mrs. Clara G. Hopkins, Mrs. Maud Lufkin, Mrs. Theresa Chase, Mrs. Maud Cables, Mrs. Nellie Wooster, Miss Lena Young, George A. Brewster, Lulu W. Brewster and Ralph Charles. Mrs. Beulah Oxtan, the county president, read a paper reviewing the matter of scientific temperance instruction, from the time of Miss Willard, the originator of the movement, down to the present time, the latest local note in this connection being the enactment by the recent Maine Legislature a law providing that annually in each school in the State there shall be set apart an hour for temperance instruction from a program arranged by the State Superintendent of Schools. Every State in the Union now has this form of instruction. Begin with the children, said Mrs. Oxtan, and the rest is easy. The union will hold a reception to new members on May 11.

Where the crowd is it is a safe bet there is fun there also. Such is the case at the Roller Rink since Frank Allen took over the management a week ago. Large and jolly crowds are whirling around to the tune of Clark's 7-piece orchestra, which by the way, is receiving all kinds of compliments from the patrons for the fine music it is furnishing. The players are certainly putting the pep right in it. Beginners are learning each night and Manager Allen is always on the floor to give them a helping hand. Dust and dirt are conspicuous by their absence, a fine breeze comes in the windows, and after all is said and done, what is better than a few hours exercise on the rollers. Try it. If you can walk you can learn to skate—adv.

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Get acquainted with  
the new prices for Kuppenheimer good Clothes.  
You will see even finer fabrics, better tailoring,  
correct styles at lower prices.

A real investment  
in good appearance.

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BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING

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Gov. Baxter has re-appointed Wilbur F. Dresser of South Portland as a member of the State Board of Assessors. Frank Keizer and G. K. Merrill of Rockland were candidates.

Reports of officers, annual election, usual study features and club program of the Woman's Educational Club will be presented next Monday evening at the Methodist vestry. Prof. Pollard's Americanization lecture will follow.

Alvin A. Carter died this morning at his home 58 Summer street, after a long illness. Funeral services will be held at the residence Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and will be private. Obituary mention will appear.

A salmon weighing 3 pounds, 5 ounces, caught by Pearl Tibbets in Alford's Lake yesterday, has been entered in the Rockland Hardware Co. and Beehive Cafe contests.

The James F. Sears Hose Co. will hold its annual levee and ball in the Arcade May 26.

Carnations and other flowers for Mother's Day. Pansies of the better sort 60c a dozen. H. M. Silsby, 253 Camden street. Telephone 318—adv.

### BORN

Webster—At Britt Maternity Home, Rockland, May 2, to Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Webster, a daughter.  
Stanley—Rockland, April 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Stanley, a son—Gordon Kenneth.  
Joyce—Swan's Island, April 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Joyce, a son.  
Benner—Rockland, April 22, Myrtle, wife of Webster E. Benner of Waldoboro, aged 41 years, 2 p. m. Thursday, new news.

Barbour—Rockland, May 2, to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Barbour, a son—Manford Franklin, weight 7 1/2 pounds.  
**DIED**  
Carter—Rockland, May 3, Alvin A. Carter, aged 81 years, 1 month.  
Carter—Rockport, May 1, Mrs. Josephine Carter, aged 81 years, 7 months. Funeral at 2 p. m. Thursday, new news.  
Benner—Rockland, April 22, Myrtle, wife of Webster E. Benner of Waldoboro, aged 41 years, 2 p. m. Thursday, new news.  
Carter—Rockport, May 1, Josephine (Harkness), widow of Granville E. Carter, aged 81 years, 6 months. Funeral Tuesday at 2 p. m.

**CARD OF THANKS**  
We extend heartfelt thanks to the many friends who so kindly ministered to us in our great bereavement; and for the tribute of flowers sent in remembrance of our dear mother. The services rendered were greatly appreciated.  
Marilee Benner, Floyd, Bernard and Lucille Benner.  
Waldoboro, May 2.

**CARD OF THANKS**  
We extend heartfelt thanks to the friends for the beautiful tribute of flowers sent in remembrance of our dear one.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Snow, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Burkett, Mrs. F. L. Cotton, Mrs. Grace Roderick.  
Camden, Me., May 2 53\*

The charge for publishing a Card of Thanks 25 cents, cash in advance of the order. Poetry published with an obituary is charged for at 10 cents a line.

**ANNUAL MEETING**  
The annual meeting of the Corporators of the Rockland Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, Wednesday, May 11, 1921, at 2:30 o'clock a. m., for the choice of officers for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.  
ROCKLAND SAVINGS BANK.  
By E. D. Spear, Clerk.  
Rockland, Maine, May 3, 1921 53-11

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## ATTRACTIONS AT THE ROLLER SKATING RINK

TONIGHT, MAY 3—Potato Race, Mealey, Robishaw and Pettee.  
THURSDAY, MAY 5—Double Attraction. Skiddo Night and Ham Race.

Skating Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday  
Evenings, also Saturday Afternoons

Music by 7-piece Orchestra

MASQUERADE SKATING CARNIVAL  
THURSDAY, MAY 12

SIX CASH PRIZES  
F. B. ALLEN, Manager

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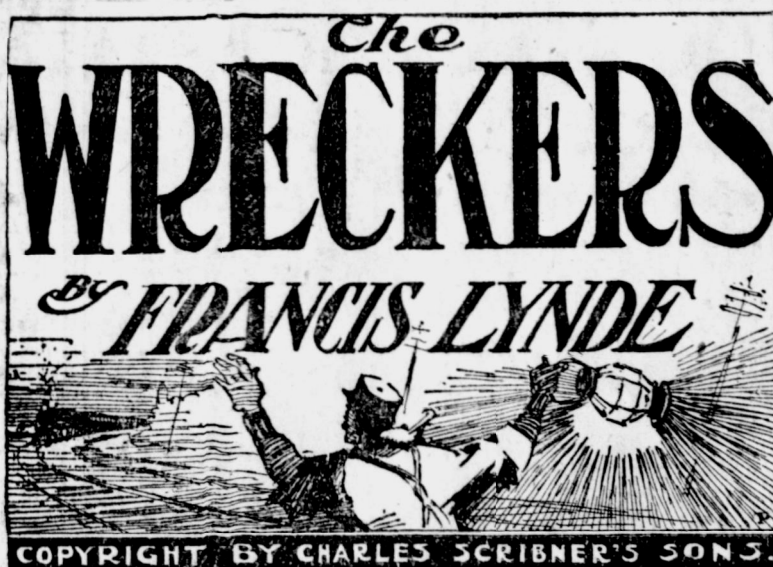
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## SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Graham Norcross, railroad manager, and his secretary, Jimmie Dods, are married at Sand Creek siding with a young lady, Sheila Macrae, and her small cousin, Upton. They have a second train holdup, in which a special car is carried off.

**CHAPTER II.**—Norcross recognizes the car stolen as John Chadwick's, financial magnate, whom he was to meet at Port City. He and Dods rescue Chadwick. The latter offers Norcross the management of the Pioneer Short Line, which is in the hands of eastern speculators, headed by Breckenridge Duntun, president of the line. Norcross, learning that Sheila Macrae is stopping at Port City, accepts.

**CHAPTER III.**—Dods overhears conversation between Rufus Hatch and Gustave Henkel, Port City financiers, in which they admit complicity in Chadwick's kidnapping, their object being to keep Chadwick from attending a meeting of directors to reorganize the Pioneer Short Line, which would jeopardize their interests.

**CHAPTER IV.**—To curb the monopoly controlled by Hatch and Henkel, the Red Tower corporation, Norcross forms Citizens' Storage and Warehouse company. He begins to manifest a deep interest in Sheila Macrae. Dods learns that Sheila is married, but living apart from her husband. Norcross does not know this.

**CHAPTER V.**—Hatch, aware that Dods has knowledge of his and Henkel's participation in the Chadwick kidnapping, offers him inducements to leave Norcross. Dods refuses. Leaving the office, he is knocked senseless. Recovering consciousness, he learns that Norcross has disappeared and is believed to have resigned and gone east.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Dods connects Norcross' disappearance with machinery of Hatch and Henkel, and on recovering strength sets out to solve the mystery.

**CHAPTER VII.**—With Kirgan, the road's master mechanic, Dods gets a clue given them through a missing locomotive.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—The rescue party finds and releases Norcross from captivity to which he had been lured. Norcross resigns control of the Pioneer Short Line, refusing to give place to man whom Duntun has sent to take charge.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Dods follows an emissary of the Red Tower people, spying on Norcross, to a coal yard, where he overhears a plot to put Norcross out of business, and at the risk of his life frustrates it.

**CHAPTER X.**—At the home of Sheila Macrae Dods is witness of strange actions of a man he believes has designs on the life of his friend and boss. He prepares to defend him.

## CHAPTER XI—Continued

Waiting for a good chance at the night clerk, I ventured a few questions. They were answered promptly enough. Young Mr. Collingwood had come in on the 7:30. But he had been in Port City a week earlier, too, stopping over for a single day. Yes, he was alone, now, but he hadn't been on the other occasion. There was a man with him on the earlier stop-over, and he, also, registered from New York. The clerk didn't remember the other man's name, but he obligingly looked it up for me in the older register. It was Bullock, Henry Bullock.

I suppose it was up to me to go to bed. It was late enough, in all conscience, and nobody knew better than I did the early-rising, early-office-opening habits of Mr. Graham Norcross. G. M. Just the same, after I had marked that Mr. Collingwood's room-key was still in its box, I went over to a corner of the lobby and sat down, determined to keep my eyes open, if such a thing were humanly possible, until our rouser should show up.

Finally my patience, or whatever you care to call it, was rewarded. Just after the baggage porter had finished sing-singing his call for the night express westbound, my man came in on the run.

When he rushed over to the counter and began to talk fast to the night clerk, I wasn't very far behind him. He was telling the clerk to get his grips down from the room, adjacently quick. While the boy was gone for the grips, my man made a straight shoot for the bar, and when I next got a sight of him—from behind one of the big onyx-plated pillars of the bar-room colonnade—he was pouring neat liquor down his throat as if it were water and he on fire inside.

That was about all there was to it. By the time Collingwood got back to the clerk's counter, the boy was down with the bags. Collingwood looked up sort of nervously at the big clock, and paid his bill. And while the clerk was getting his change, he grabbed the pen out of the counter inlaid, and made out as if he was shading in a picture, or something, on the open register.

A half-minute later he was gone. When the taxi purred away I turned to the open register to see what our maniac had been drawing in. What he had done was completely to obliterate his signature. He had scratched it over until the past master of all the hand-writing experts that ever lived couldn't have told what the name was.

It was while we were eating breakfast the next morning in the Bullard cafe—the boss and I—that we got our first news of the Petrolite wreck. The story was red-headlined in the Morning Herald—the Hatch-owned paper—and besides being played up good and strong in the news columns, there was an editorial to back the front-page scream.

At two o'clock in the morning a fast westbound freight had left the track in Petrolite Canyon, and before they could get the flagman out, a delayed eastbound passenger had collided with the ruins. There were no

kind on the Great Southwestern, one winter. It was horrible. Men who had been running trains year in and year out, and never knowing that they had any nerves, went to pieces if you'd snap your fingers at them.

"That's it," said the boss. "We don't want to fall into that ditch. Things are quite bad enough, as they are."

This ended it for the time. The Petrolite Canyon wreck was picked up, the track was cleared, and once more our trains were moving on time. But anybody could see that the entire Short Line had a case of "nerves."

Kirgan, Kirgan the cold-blooded, showed it one afternoon when I went over to his office to return a bunch of blue-prints sent in for the boss' approval. The big master-mechanic had a round-house foreman "on the carpet" and was harrying him like the dickens for letting an engine go out with one of her truck safety chains hanging loose.

Ever since we had gone together on the rescue run to Timber Mountain, Mart and I had been sort of chummy, and after the foreman had gone away with his foot in his hand, I joshed Kirgan a little about the way he had hammered the round-house man.

"Bad medicine," I told him. "It's worrying the bosses, too. What's doing it, Mart?"

"Maybe you can tell," he growled. "It's a hoodoo—that's what it is. Seven engines in the shops in the last nine days, and three more that haven't been fished out of the ditch yet. I wish Mr. Van Britt'd fire the whole jumpy outfit!"

It didn't seem as though firing was needed so much as a dose of nerve tonic of some sort. Tarbell was working hard on the problem, quietly, and without making any talk about it. Norcross was giving him all the men he asked for from the shops; quick-witted fellows who were up in all the mechanical details, and who made better spotters than outsiders would because they knew the road and the ropes. But it was no use. I saw some of Tarbell's reports, and they didn't show any crookedness. It seemed to be just bad luck—one land slide after another of it.

Meanwhile, New York had waked up again. President Duntun had been off the job somewhere, I guess, but now he was back, and the things he wired to the boss were enough to make your hair stand on end. I looked every day to see Mr. Norcross pitch the whole shooting-match into the fire and quit.

He'd never taken anything like Mr. Duntun's abuse from anybody before, and he couldn't seem to get hardened to it. But he was loyal to Mr. Chadwick; and, of course, he knew that Mr. Duntun's hot wires were meant to nag him into resigning. Then there was Mrs. Sheila. I sort of suspected she was holding him up to the rack, every day and every minute of the day.

It was one evening after he had been out to the major's for just a little while, and had come back to the office, that he sent for Mr. Van Britt, who was also working late. There was blood on the moon, and I saw it in the way the boss' jaw was working.

"Upton," he began, as short as plecrust, "have you thought of any way to break this wreck hoodoo yet?"

Mr. Van Britt sat down and crossed his solid little legs.

"If I had, I shouldn't be losing sleep at the rate of five or six hours a night," he rasped.

"There's one thing that we haven't tried," the boss shot back. "We've been advertising it as bad luck, keeping our own suspicions to ourselves and letting the men believe what they pleased. We'll change all that. I want you to call your trainmen in as fast as you can get at them. Tell them—from me, if you want to—that there isn't any bad luck about it; that the enemies of this management are making an organized raid on the property itself for the purpose of putting us out of the fight. Tell them the whole story, if you want to: how we're trying our best to make a spoon out of a spoiled horn, and how there is an army of grafters and wreckers in this state which is doing its worst to knock us out of the box."

"If you give the force something tangible to lay hold of, it will work the needed miracle. It's only the mysterious that terrifies. Railroad employees, as a whole, are perfectly intelligent human beings, open to conviction. The management which doesn't profit by that fact is lame. If you do this and appeal to the loyalty of the men, you will make a private detective out of every man in the train service, and every one of them keen to be the first to catch the wreckers. You can add a bit of a reward for that, if you like, and I'll pay it out of my own bank account."

For a full minute our captive millionaire didn't say a word. Then he grinned like a good-natured little Chinese god.

"Who gave you this idea of taking the pay-roll into your confidence, Graham?" he asked softly.

For the first time in all the weeks and months I'd been knowing him, the boss dodged; dodged just like any of us might.

"I've been talking to Major Kendrick," he said. "He is a wise old man, Upton, and he hears a good many things that don't get printed in the newspapers."

I could see that this excuse didn't fool Mr. Van Britt for a single instant, and there was a look in his eye that I couldn't quite understand. Neither could I make much out of what he said.

"We'll go into that a little deeper some day, Graham—after this epileptic attack has been fought off. This idea—which you confess isn't your own—is a pretty shrewd one, and I shouldn't wonder if it would work."

"We can get it in motion before the hoodoo breaks us wide open. And, as you say, the accusation is justifiable, even if we can't prove up against the Hatch outfit. That turned-over rail in Petrolite Canyon, for example, might have been helped along by—"

It was Kelson, Mr. Van Britt's stenographer, smashed in with the interruption. He was in his shirt-sleeves, as if he'd just got up from his typewriter, and he rushed in with his

mouth open and his eyes like saucers. "They—they want you in the dispatcher's office!" he panted, jerking the words out at Mr. Van Britt. "Durgin has let Number Five get by for a head-ender with the 'Flyer,' and he's gone crazy!"

## CHAPTER XII

## The Helpless Wires

When Bobby Kelson shot his news at us we all made a quick break for the dispatcher's office, the boss in the lead. Durgin, the night dispatcher, had been alone on the train desk, and the only other operators on duty were the car-record man and the young fellow who acted as a relief on the commercial wire. When we got there, we found that Tarbell had happened to be in the office when Durgin blew up. He was sitting in at the train key, trying to get Crow Gulch, the one intermediate wire station between the two trains that had failed to get their "meet" orders, and this was the first I knew that he really was the expert telegraph operator that his pay-roll description said he was.

Durgin looked like a tortured ghost. He was a thin, dark man with a sort of scattering beard and blup black hair; one of the clearest-headed dispatchers in the bunch, and the very last man, you'd say, to get rattled in a tangle-up. Yet here he was, hunched in a chair at the car-record table in the corner, a staring-eyed, pallid-faced wreck, with the sweat standing in big drops on his forehead and his hands shaking as if he had the palsy.

Morris, the relief man, gave us the particulars, such as they were, speaking in a hushed voice as if he was afraid of breaking in on Tarbell's steady rattling of the key in the Crow Gulch station call.

"Number Four"—Four was the east-bound "Flyer"—"is five hours off her time," he explained. "As near as I can get it, Durgin was going to make her 'meet' with Number Five at the blind siding at Sand Creek tank. She ought to have had her orders somewhere west of Bauxite Junction, and five ought to have got her at Banta. Durgin says he simply forgot that the 'Flyer' was running late; that she was still out and had a 'meet' to make somewhere with Five."

Brief as Morris' explanation was, it was clear enough for anybody who knew the road and the schedules. The regular meeting-point for the two passenger trains was at a point well east of Port City, instead of west, and so, of course, would not concern the Desert Division crew of either train, since all crews were changed at Port City. From Banta to Bauxite Junction, some thirty-odd miles, there was only one telegraph station, namely, that at the Crow Gulch lumber camp, seven miles beyond the Timber Mountain "Y" and the gravel pit where the stolen 1016 had been abandoned.

Unluckily, Crow Gulch was only a day station, the day wires being handled by a young man who was half in the pay of the railroad and half in that of the saw-mill company. This young man slept at the mill camp, which was a mile back in the gulch. There was only one chance in a thousand that he would be down at the railroad station at ten o'clock at night, and it was on that thousandth chance that Tarbell was rattling the Crow Gulch call. If Five were making her card time, she was now about half-way between Timber Mountain "Y" and Crow Gulch. And Four, the "Flyer," had just left Bauxite—with no orders whatever. Which meant that the two trains would come together somewhere near Sand Creek.

Mr. Van Britt was as good a wire man as anybody on the line, but it was the boss who took things in hand. "There is a long-distance telephone to the Crow Gulch saw-mill; have you tried that?" he barked at Tarbell.

The big young fellow who looked like a cowboy—and had really been one, they said—glanced up and nodded: "The call's in," he responded; "Central says she can't raise anybody."

For the next three or four minutes the tension was something fierce. The boss and Mr. Van Britt hung over the train desk, and Tarbell kept up his insistent clatter at the key. I had an eye on Durgin. He was still hunched up in the record-man's chair, and to all appearances had gone stone-blind.

"There has always been a passionate protest in the heart of the race against that element in life which men call fate; the play upon unprotected natures of those events, accidents, calamities, which are beyond human control. These arbitrary happenings are often tragic in their consequences; they often seem wholly irrational; they have at times a touch of brutal irony. In many cases one is tempted to personify fate as a malignant spirit, studiously and with malicious cunning seeking ways of wounding, stinging, bruising and poisoning the most sensitive souls. There have been human careers so completely distorted and thwarted that it has seemed as if the gods are jealous of men, and anxious to rob the great rewards of their sweetness and the noblest achievements of their fruit."

## Fate.

"I Couldn't Get Rid of the Idea That He Was Listening."

crazy. Yet I couldn't get rid of the idea that he was listening—listening as if all of his sealed-up senses had turned in to intensify the one of hearing.

Just about the time when the suspense had grown so keen that it seemed as if it couldn't be borne a second longer, Morris, who was sitting in at the office phone, called out sharply: "Long-distance says she has Crow Gulch lumber camp."

A. C. MOORE

PIANO TUNER

With the Maine Music Company

RESIDENCE TELEPHONE 324-2, ROCKPORT

Attar of Roses.

The climatic conditions in the lower mountains of Bulgaria are favorable to the production of the best varieties of oil roses. The variety most grown is the red damask rose, a native of Persia, and in the times of our fathers, very popular in America.

Catharine de Medici, who was passionately fond of the odor of roses, selected the then called Valley de Var for their growth and small factories were established there. Today this little valley in the south of France leads not only in the production of roses, but of other odorous oil-bearing flowers. The chief town in the valley is Grasse, and is the center of the greatest flower-oil industry in the world.

Virtues of Bare Feet.

Eve was reputedly barefoot, and Nausicaa played ball all the better because she went unshod.

Helen of Troy at the most wore sandals, and the sandals is the compromise between the shoeless and the shod. It is easier to make sandals than to make boots.

In Ireland and Scotland the children have run barefoot for many a day, and the wit of the one and the enterprise of the other show that there is nothing really deplorable in going without shoes and stockings.—London Chronicle.

## No Longer His.

"I thought you owned an automobile."

"I do, but I taught the wife to drive it and now I'm back to the street cars."

# WILL PRAISE TANLAC LONG AS SHE LIVES

Manchester Woman After Suffering Nearly All Her Life Has Health Restored By Taking Tanlac, She Says.

"When Tanlac relieved my indigestion I got rid of what I thought was heart trouble, too," said Mrs. Marjorie Lebel, of 12 Eve street, Manchester, N. H.

"I've been ailing practically all my life and for several years have been going rapidly from bad to worse. My stomach troubled me constantly and I had very little appetite. Frequently after eating even light food I'd have a hurting all through my body with severe pains in my side under my heart, and would gasp for breath because of smothering sensations. My heart acted so queer it alarmed me."

"My nerves were in such a bad fix that lots of times I couldn't get to sleep for hours. I had rheumatism in my shoulders and knees that caused me much suffering and I was badly constipated. I brooded over my troubles and became so despondent I would frequently sit down and cry, thinking maybe I'd never get well."

"In my effort to get relief I concluded to give Tanlac a trial, and very soon I found it was what I had been needing all the time. Now my appetite is fine and nothing I eat ever hurts me. The rheumatism and constipation are gone. I've gained lots of strength, and since I've been relieved of indigestion my heart action is normal and my pains are gone."

"I don't remember ever feeling better in my life than I do right now, and I shall praise Tanlac long as I live."

Tanlac is sold in Rockland by Corner Drug Store; in Washington by F. L. Ludwig; in North Haven by W. S. Hopkins; in South Thomaston by L. O. Hanley, and by the leading druggists in every town.—adv.



Plows Harrows Seeders Cultivators

25 to 30 Pages

of our Good Book on Things Agricultural are devoted to the most improved, desirable implements in these lines. Send for your copy. It's free. Our 60 odd years' experience saves experiment on your part. You will buy dependable goods when you buy K&W Goods.

See the K&W Dealer in Your Town.

If None—Write Kendall & Whitney, Portland, Maine.

Don't forget K&W Seeds TIME TO THINK OF DAIRY AND HAYING SUPPLIES

Whenever the recipe calls for flour, think of

## PEERLESS FLOUR

Standard of the World

While PEERLESS is a bread flour, it gives most pleasing results in all kinds of baking and cooking. Its whiteness is especially desirable for cakes and pastries.

PEERLESS is as nearly an all-around flour as a fancy high-patent bread flour can be. Therefore, if you do not care to trouble with two or more kinds of flour, you will find Peerless the one right flour to have on hand.

ORDER HARDESTY PEERLESS FLOUR

IN THE WHITE BAG

CARRIED BY ALL GROCERS

ROCKLAND WHOLESALE GROCERY CO., Distributors

## ROCKLAND SAVINGS BANK

ROCKLAND, MAINE

ESTABLISHED 1868

DEPOSITS \$2,284,482.49

Deposits draw interest from first day of each month. Dividends for past two years have been at the rate of 4% per annum.

## For Breakfast Or Lunch

There's nothing more appetizing than a dish of

## POST TOASTIES

(Superior Corn Flakes)

Only the hearts of selected white corn are used in making these delicious flakes of substantial texture. They are ready to serve, crisp and golden brown, direct from the package with cream or milk and a sprinkle of sugar if desired.

Ask For Them By Name

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.











## In Social Circles

In addition to personal notes recording departures and arrivals, this department especially desires information of social happenings, parties, musicals, etc. Notes sent by mail or telephone will be gladly received.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kallach have returned from New York, where they have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. White.

S. M. Currier has returned to his home in Bayonne, N. J., after making a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Anna M. Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Cross, who have been visiting their daughters in Massachusetts have arrived home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Carus T. Spear and daughter of Bangor motored to Rockland Saturday returning next day. They found tolerably good roads coming by the way of Swan Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnson left Monday for Portland, their future home. The best wishes of many friends follow them.

Mrs. A. H. Newbert has returned from Boston, where she has been the past two weeks. Mr. Newbert is in Portland this week attending the Grand Masonic Lodge.

The Ladies Aid of the Littlefield Memorial church will meet in the vestry Wednesday evening at 7.30.

Mrs. Dana W. Sherer of the Old County road, who has been very ill with pneumonia, is gaining slowly.

The Missionary Society of the Woman's Association of the Congregational church will meet Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock with Mrs. A. C. Hahn, Pleasant street. Members are asked to respond to the roll call with current items on the Near East.

Alvah H. Carroll of West Meadow road, who has been critically ill with pneumonia the past two weeks is convalescing.

The Universalist Ladies' Circle will meet Wednesday afternoon. Supper at the usual time, 6.30. The housekeepers are Mrs. Mabel Stevens, Mrs. Nora Wilde, Mrs. Hattie Prescott, Mrs. Augusta Wright, Mrs. Helena Roberts, Mrs. Elsa St. Clair, Mrs. Beulah Tirrell, Miss Gladys Blethen.

The Pythian Sisters' Circle will meet Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Annie Lothrop, 57 Grace street.

Bertram Keene, who has been employed by the Cities Service Co. of Fremont, Neb., the past two years, is expected home today and will be the guest of his father, City Clerk E. B. Keene until the middle of the month. He has been transferred to New York, where he will be employed in the bond department of Henry L. Doty & Co., bankers, at 60 Wall street.

There will be a ladies' auction party at the Country Club Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Helen Corbett returned the last of the week from Boston where she had spent a few days. With no immediate plans for the future, she will enjoy two months' vacation, before going to Brighton Beach, N. Y., where she will visit her brother. Eighty-six Rockland friends have united in presenting her with a purse which contained \$311, and which will supplement in a welcome manner the slender remains of an income which she has self-sacrificingly devoted to charitable endeavors. Miss Corbett is reluctant to leave Rockland, feeling somehow that her work lies here, although relegated from office by political influences. Her telephone still hears the burdens of many calls for assistance, and in a quiet, unofficial way she has done her best to relieve some of them.

E. K. Leighton, who has had an operation on his nose and throat at the Phillips House, Massachusetts General Hospital, and who has been very ill, is now much improved.

The board of managers of the Home for Aged Women will meet Thursday afternoon at 2.30 with Miss Lucy Farwell.

The Garland Class of the Methodist church holds an important meeting Wednesday evening with Mrs. Roscoe Staples.

The World Wide Guild will meet with Mrs. Ralph Chaples, Brewster street, Thursday evening, and members are desired to come prepared to sew.

J. F. Woodsum of Norridgewock, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. B. Allen, 29 Admonten avenue, for the past month, returned home yesterday. While here he celebrated his 77th birthday, and last Sunday climbed mountains at West Rockport after Mayflowers, in a fashion which kept other members of the family busy in keeping pace with him.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bird are on an automobile trip to Lisbon, N. H., on a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Clark B. Frost.

Letters from Hon. E. A. Butler announce his arrival April 28 in San Francisco, from a visit of several weeks in Honolulu. He expects to reach his Rockland home early in June.

Hart L. Woodcock is down from Belfast for a few days on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Crie, at The Bicknell. Mr. Woodcock, who ranks as one of Maine's most eminent artists, is lately returned from Nassau, at which famous resort he has been a regular winter visitor for the past 20 years. Mr. Woodcock's paintings have become so much the vogue with the visitors from all parts of the world who frequent Nassau, that he finds it difficult to supply the demand which they make upon his powers of production.

## PORT CLYDE

MRS. BRENNAN has taken the hotel at Port Clyde, which has been thoroughly renovated, and will be open for Summer visitors June first.

Mrs. Brennan will serve SHORE DINNERS as usual.

## FULLER-COBB-DAVIS

We have just received from New York a few choice sample garments including three-piece Suits, Wraps, Capes and Coats with sleeves.

These garments are samples and are made up in the newest shades and color combinations. These we offer you at prices much below the regular price.

Shown on the Second Floor.

## FULLER-COBB-DAVIS

### ADDISON A. KALER.

Addison A. Kaler, whose health had been failing gradually in the past five years, died last Thursday, following a surgical operation. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the home of his mother, Mrs. Peter Kaler, and an exceptionally large number of friends gathered there to pay their last respects. A number of handsome designs were included among the floral tributes. Rev. J. S. Crossland of the Methodist church officiated. The burial was in Achorn cemetery. Walter Flanders, Frank L. Seavey and Arthur L. Andrews of Rockland and George Ayer of Camden acted as bearers.

The deceased was born in Rockland 52 years ago. Prior to the organization of the lime syndicate he was 15 years in the employ of Perry Bros. Joining the forces of the Rockland & Rockport Lime Co., he became foreman of the Gregory kilns where his services for 20 years, concluding in 1919, were greatly appreciated by the company. He was subsequently with the Edward Bryant Co. Mr. Kaler was a member of Knox Lodge of Odd Fellows and the Owl Athletic Club. In both of those organizations he had large numbers of friends, but nowhere was he held in higher regard than by his fellow lime workers who saw in his daily life much that merited their admiration and devotion. A touching incident at the funeral, illustrating this point, was the presence of a large group of Italian workers, who had also sent a handsome floral tribute.

Mr. Kaler is survived by his wife, his mother, two daughters, Florence and Ella Kaler; four brothers, Augustus, Eugene, Herbert and George Kaler; and two sisters, Mrs. Walter Flanders and Mrs. Frank Seavey, all of Rockland.

### MOUNT PLEASANT

Mrs. Mary Biebee, who spent the winter with relatives in Rockland, is at home.

T. J. Carroll is running his sawmill, Harry Swift and Ralph Burkett are employed there.

Bertha Russell is visiting in Appleton.

Florence West of Rockland spent Sunday at Mason Tolman's.

Surprise parties seem to be popular. Douglas Biebee was recently surprised by a birthday party which was much enjoyed by the participants. Thursday evening a joint surprise party was held at the home of Mason Tolman in honor of Robert Simmons and Fremont Tolman, both of whom were greatly surprised. Delicious refreshments were served and each had a fine birthday cake and several nice presents. There were 26 present, all of whom greatly enjoyed the occasion.

A family party comprised Mr. and Mrs. Miles Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fernald and daughter Ellen, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sawyer and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Benner were at Robert and Fred Simmons' Sunday.

### MEDUNCOOK

The lobster smack, Eva M. Martin, brought lobsters to the Trefethen pound Wednesday.

Eugene Simmons of Hatchet Cove was in town Wednesday.

Miss Lulu Simmons arrived home Tuesday from Spruce Head where she has been employed for a few weeks.

Harry Thompson is having extensive alterations made on his summer home here, Harvey Brown and Leslie Morton of Friendship are doing the work.

Albert Simmons of Friendship spent Thursday here helping his father, Capt. James Simmons with his planting.

Misses Emma and Lulu Simmons and Harvey Cushman were in Thomaston and Rockland Friday.

## SUPPER & DANCE

—AT—  
KEAG GRANGE HALL  
SOUTH THOMASTON  
THURSDAY, MAY 5  
In Aid of the Town  
REFERENDUM FUND  
—MUSIC BY—  
MARSTON'S ORCHESTRA  
53-1t

### MARTINSVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Gardner who have been spending the winter at the Bingo Farm have returned home.

Helen Fish of Tenant's Harbor was the guest of Mrs. Jerome Jones last week.

Mrs. Fred Hooper is confined to the house by illness.

Lena and Elizabeth Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mason went to Rockland Saturday and enjoyed the picture "Way Down East."

Rev. M. S. Howes exchanged pulpits with Rev. H. S. Rhoades Sunday, Mr. Howes preaching to a large delegation of Odd Fellows and Rebekahs.

There will be a social and ice cream sale at the range hall, Friday evening for the benefit of the community plans. The committee in charge is Mrs. Etta Harris, Mrs. Margaret Jones and Mrs. Mary Wheeler.

W. M. Harris is making repairs on the exterior of his buildings.

Ocean View Grange entertained the St. George Grange Monday evening and worked the third and fourth degrees on six candidates. A fine supper of clam stew, crackers pickles, cakes and pies were served, after which music and games were enjoyed and a social hour was spent.

### EAST UNION

E. C. Payson and family of Rockland were guests at the home of A. W. Payson last Sunday.

Mrs. Edna Kearly is improving rapidly from her recent illness.

There was a good attendance at the Grange Thursday night. The final degrees were conferred upon one candidate with the usual harvest supper.

Mrs. Maude Wellman and Mrs. Louise Caud were in Rockland recently.

Mrs. Ida Watts is in Union caring for Mrs. Osgood Young.

J. W. Kearly has a new Dodge touring car.

Mrs. Clarence Mank of Union accompanied by Miss Harriet Wingate of Massachusetts were recent guests of Mrs. Randall Robbins.

Mrs. Fern Dodge of Mars Hill has been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gould a few days.

### THIS YOUNG MAN A COMER

Description Will Bring to Mind the Good Old Copybook Maxims Some Can Remember.

There is a certain man in our employ who is not in a very responsible position at present.

Some day he will be and the "gang" will ask: "Where did he get his pull?"

He's putting pressure on the rope right now and every day the pressure is getting stronger.

He's here early and he goes home late; in fact we do not think he knows anything about working hours.

He's doing more than his present position requires and has already worked out of two jobs that have been given him. You can't keep him down.

He studies at night, reads, and, best of all, uses his head at all times.

He makes many mistakes, but only makes the same mistake once.

But he goes ahead and does things. Doesn't wait until he's told, but looks ahead.

Wonderful thing this looking ahead, and more wonderful still, you don't have to look very far ahead to make yourself different from the rest of the "gang."

He smiles easily and is cheerful. We've never heard him even suggest that any one was "trying to get him."

He is too busy to think about it and the crowd who might be trying to do it are not going fast enough to even bother him.

He isn't a hundred per cent yet, but he's coming along fast, and some day you are going to say "Why did he get that job?"—Fore River Log.

Those small ads in The Courier-Gazette are read by every body. That is why they are so popular and effective.

### NOW OPEN

## "THE BRUNSWICK"

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE BERRY ENGINE HOUSE

ROOMS SINGLE, "IN SUITE" and KITCHENETS

WITH TWO AND THREE ROOMS

High Class, Modern and Up to Date

TERMS REASONABLE

Under the management of

MRS. C. C. KIRK

T&N-63-59

## STRANGE ANIMAL

By MURIEL GOODWIN.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Down the country road, as fast as the little fat legs could carry him, the yellow curls blowing in the breeze, the blue eyes saucer-size with mysterious knowledge, bounded little Tony. When he was within a few yards of a pretty rose-covered cottage, a tall, blue-gowned woman appeared at the door. "Why are you running this hot day?" she asked.

Tony stopped, panting for breath. "Er—where's Dick?" he asked at last. Dick was his little chum next door.

"I should think you ought to know," answered the woman. "I am going to have company this afternoon, and I don't want you two to get into mischief," she added, as she disappeared within.

Just then an overalled boy came around the corner. Tony rushed to him, his forefinger on his lips. Then the two youngsters walked down the road together talking in low tones.

"I tell you what," whispered Tony. "If you could only get that tall hat, everything'd be great."

"But it might get hurt," ventured Dick.

"Pooh!" was Tony's scornful reply. "You can put it right back after—"

"Oh, all right," agreed Dick, after some more urging. "But I don't want to lose my supper tonight. I saw Susie making raspberry tarts this morning."

"Humph," grunted Tony, contemptuously. "You're meant for a girl, I guess. We won't lose our supper if we're careful—anyhow, we can eat more breakfast in the morning—"

"Well, I'll get that hat," interrupted Dick, as he turned in at the gate.

An hour later a tall, blue-gowned woman was serving lemonade to the members of the Ladies' Aid on her rose-covered piazza.

"It was the strangest creature," she just as promptly promised it on the morrow. Both men sent for the dog, but the Florentine's servant, being first, carried it away. The citizens of Rome, hearing of the incident, began to joke about it, and the visiting Florentines were especially vicious about the matter. Street fights began and when news of the affair reached Pisa the citizens seized all the Florentine shipping in the bay.

The war that followed was first of a series that ended with Pisa falling before the triumphant Florentines, and the beginning of the wane of her power. The famous leaning tower of Pisa was only one skyscraper of a score or more, although the others have long since crumbled down. These towers proved valuable in the attacks of the Florentine army, but one by one were overcome, and the first city of the world to have a skyscraper skyline lost its unique standing.

"Mercy!" cried the postmaster's little wife in the bombazine dress. "What's that in the road?"

All eyes turned toward the road, and the strange animal was forgotten.

"Why, Mrs. Dolan!" exclaimed the hostess. "It looks like a bundle someone has dropped. And did that animal really have no head?" she asked, turning to the demure lady.

"Hope read three or four pages before she found that the head was concealed under a—"

"Heavens!" shrieked Mrs. Dolan. "That thing just jumped!"

The demure lady was vexed at the second interruption. Everyone looked toward the road; there was surely a small, dark object in the middle of the road, but was too far away to be seen distinctly. In a moment it gave a slight jump.

"What did I tell you?" gasped Mrs. Dolan.

A few more gasps came from the group. The hostess rose and said she would investigate. Several started to join her, but being more timid than brave, settled back in their chairs as the tall, blue-gowned woman started toward the road.

Mrs. Dolan still gazed at the road. Her eyes grew big with wonder. "Do you suppose—it had a high, flat back and no perceptible—"

Once again the demure lady was the center of attention.

"Why, perhaps—" began one shrill voice.

"It has a high, flat back—" ventured another.

By this time the ladies were so excited they rose as one person to go down toward the road. Their hostess had almost reached the jumping object. She reached it! It jerked sideways—Mrs. Dolan caught her breath! Now the tall lady stooped and reached out her hand.

"How does she dare to touch it," whispered one of the group.

Then the tall lady grasped the object, picked it up and held it aloft.

Mrs. Dolan sank to the ground; the rest of the group hurried to the road. There they saw the tall lady with a knowing look on her face holding a tall silk hat in her hand and looking down at a huge foot.

"Well, of all—" squealed a member of the Ladies' Aid.

Behind the grape arbor in the next yard crouched Tony and Dick.

"And those raspberry tarts will be all gone by tomorrow," sighed Dick.

"You were meant for a girl," said Tony in a voice of contempt.

The reason.

"Why did you hit Cholly over the head without provocation?"

"Because when I said I was lucky at poker somebody told me to rap on wood quick, and there was nothing else handy."

Logical Surmise.

"What kind of history is Henry preparing for his examination?"

"Judging by his language over it, I should say it was profane history."

YOU GET A DOLLAR'S WORTH

Of VALUE In This

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

FOR EVERY DOLLAR YOU

SPEND HERE

## PEOPLE OF OUR TOWN



The Bully beat up his Wife last week and he is now En Route to beat up the Editor for Putting it in the Paper. The Editor will remind the Bully that he is merely Printing the News, not Making it, and then he will Bust the Bully over the Bean with the Mallet and set him out in the Alley to Rest Up.

## FOUGHT WAR OVER LAP DOG

Matter of History That Conflict Between the Florentines and Citizens of Pisa Began Thus.

One of the bitterest of the minor wars of history was fought over a lap dog. In the thirteenth century a Florentine emissary attending the coronation ceremonies of Frederick II saw and admired a lap dog belonging to a cardinal. The church official, noting the admiration, promptly assured the Florentine that the dog was his, and the emissary agreed to send for it. The ambassador from Pisa saw and admired the same dog, and was just as promptly promised it on the morrow. Both men sent for the dog, but the Florentine's servant, being first, carried it away. The citizens of Rome, hearing of the incident, began to joke about it, and the visiting Florentines were especially vicious about the matter. Street fights began and when news of the affair reached Pisa the citizens seized all the Florentine shipping in the bay.

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SPEND HERE

## Simonton's Store News Simonton's

## Blouse Week

Our Buyer has secured some remarkable Bargains in Ladies' Blouses and we offer this week three special lots.

### Table No. 1

Ladies' Voile and Organdie Blouses, long and short sleeves, white, pink, pongee, lavender, Harding blue, etc., including sizes 48, 50, 52. Made to sell for \$2.50, \$3.00. For this week \$1.95

### Table No. 2

Georgette and Crepe de Chine Blouses, all the newest models, made to sell for \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00. White, navy, flesh, bisque, tomato, black; also white hand made linen waists. For this week \$4.95

### Table No. 3

Knit Blouses, Tie-backs and Lace Vestee Blouses, green, black, navy, brown, peacock, henna, etc. For this week \$2.95

## News from Carpet Annex

Large shipment of Linoleum and Congoleum Rugs just received.



## KNOX AND LINCOLN LEAGUE

It's a Wise Guy Who Can Pick the Winner—Rockland Shows Class, and Thomaston "Comes Back."

## The Week's Schedule.

Wednesday—Thomaston High vs. Rockland High, Broadway grounds.  
Saturday—Camden High vs. Thomaston High, in Thomaston; Lincoln Academy vs. Vinalhaven High in Vinalhaven.

Saturday's three contests in the Knox and Lincoln League found Rockland, Thomaston and Camden the winners, and furnished no particular line on the outcome. Rockland developed an unlooked for attack at Newcastle and by keeping up that stride is sure to be a contender for first honors. Thomaston, nearly beaten by Vinalhaven, proved a good finisher, while Rockport proved a surprise by nearly defeating Camden, after having been so soundly thrashed by Thomaston three days before. You, who think you can pick the winner at this stage of the game, please speak right up in meeting.

The present standing:  

Team	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Camden High	2	0	1.000
Thomaston High	2	0	1.000
Rockland High	1	1	1.000
Vinalhaven High	0	1	.000
Rockport High	0	2	.000
Lincoln Academy	0	2	.000

## Thomaston 10, Vinalhaven 6

When the last half of the 7th inning opened at Thomaston Saturday afternoon the supporters of the home team wouldn't have given an old-fashioned two-cent piece for their chances. The score stood 6 to 2 against them and the visitors were going strong.

But the never-say-die spirit of the Thomaston lads asserted itself, and Raymond, the Vinalhaven pitcher, chose "the fatal 7th" for a balloon ascension which was certainly fatal to the islanders' hopes. When it was over Thomaston had scored seven perfectly good runs, with no more effort on their own part than Sawyer's double and pitcher Raymond had qualified as the champion Santa Claus of the season.

A scratch hit and stolen base by Boutellier, a very pretty double by Arey and a wild heave to third by Newbert gave Vinalhaven a brace of runs in the second inning, and Patrick's single following a misplay at third and a passed ball gave another run in the 3d inning. Errors were solely responsible for another run which Vinalhaven made in the 6th.

The Thomaston team went scoreless until the 6th inning, when Linekin's single, two stolen bases and a pair of errors were responsible for two runs. This greatly revived the drooping spirits of the home team, and with Feehan in the box the crowd began to see visions of a come back. This dream was temporarily shattered in Vinalhaven's half of the 7th, for the island lads scored twice, with clean singles by Hall and Burns and a passed ball as the principal causes thereof.

The last half of the 7th found the Indian sign plumed onto Vinalhaven at a very early stage, for Raymond passed the first three men, hit the next and then issued another pass. The stage was well set for Sawyer's stinging hit, which carried the ball into the center field wings otherwise known as the lumber quarry. Linekin struck out, but the demoralization of the visiting team had become general, and there followed three successive errors. Raymond pulled himself together and struck out the next two men, but the bleak wind was carrying a new message across the field—a message which the crowd translated into the single word, "Victory."

Thomaston did not need more runs, but just for good measure Feehan turned in one all by his lonesome. He opened the inning with a peach of a double, sole third and scored on a passed ball.

Thomaston will continue to be a dangerous factor in the pennant race just as long as it shows its present spirit, and it has a powerful asset in young Feehan, whose speed and curves are remarkable for a lad of 14. Overwork and over-confidence are apparently the only dangers which lurk in his pathway, and if he listens to daddy he should be able to avoid both.

In spite of its defeat, Vinalhaven as a team will give its five competitors a hard chance. As a fielding team it looks as good as any the writer has seen thus far in the League, its chief weakness being that nobody seems ready to call the play when there is a fly ball falling into doubtful territory. The score:

## Thomaston High

Player	ab	r	b	h	tp	a	e
Feehan, cf.	2	2	1	2	1	2	1
E. Lindsey, 2b	4	1	1	1	1	4	1
Sawyer, 3b	5	2	1	2	2	3	1
Linekin, ss	5	1	1	1	1	1	1
A. Lindsey, rf	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Newbert, p.	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Staples, lf	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Elliot, 1b	3	1	0	0	1	1	1
Risten, c	3	1	0	0	1	1	1
<b>Total</b>	<b>33</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>6</b>	

## Vinalhaven High

Player	ab	r	b	h	tp	a	e
Burns, ss	5	1	1	1	1	3	1
Smith, 3b	5	1	0	0	0	1	3
Patrick, 2b	4	1	1	1	2	2	0
Snow, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Boutellier, cf	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Raymond, p.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Arey, rf	3	1	1	2	1	0	0
Lynch, c	3	0	0	0	10	3	1
Hall, 1b	4	1	1	1	9	0	1
<b>Total</b>	<b>35</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>6</b>

Thomaston, 0 0 0 0 0 2 7 13-10  
Vinalhaven, 0 2 1 0 0 1 2 0 0-6

Two-base hits, Feehan, Sawyer, Arey. Bases on balls, off Newbert 1, off Feehan 1, off Raymond 5. Struck out, by Newbert 3, by Feehan 7, by Raymond 11. Double play, Burns to Patrick. Passed balls, Lynch 2. Risten 2. Hit by pitched ball Feehan 2, Arey. Umpires, Chiles and Wilson.

## Rockland 18, Lincoln Academy 1

The jitney which carried the Rockland High school baseball team to Newcastle Saturday broke down on its return trip and the boys were late in getting home, but they were very happy for they were able to tell the world that they had just smothered Lincoln Academy by a score of 18 to 1.

Showing a complete reversal of form from the recent game in Thomaston, the boys went onto the diamond Saturday and put up an exhibition which reflected great credit upon the orange and black. True it is that Fifield and Harrington were considerably flushed by the battery of Academy girls in the grandstand, but the spell did not quite reach the stage of hypnotism, and no real damage was done. The crowd was exceptionally sportsmanlike, in spite of its disappointment at the showing which was being made by the home team.

H. Smith pitched the entire game, and could be found for only a few scattering hits. Mealey's fine exhibition of fielding was matched by his equally good work with the stick. A. Record, a Freshman, covered third in a manner which proved him to be a real find. Lord's work as backstop was of a sturdy, reliable character, and his batting was a factor in the big score. Adams, the Academy pitcher, was hit hard and effectively throughout the game. Coach Thornton was much encouraged. The summary:

Rockland High: H. Smith p.; Lord c.; Brackett lb.; K. Smith 2b.; A. Record 3b.; Mealey ss.; Fifield lf.; Stewart cf.; Harrington rf.; Flanagan rf.

Lincoln Academy: Adams p.; Cowan c.; Shroeder 1b.; Lake 2b.; Gray 3b.; Weston ss.; Battese lf.; Burns cf.; Jackson rf.

Rockland High 11 0 0 0 1 7 5 3-18  
Lincoln Acad. 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0-1

Baseball interest in Thomaston this year is very pronounced. The diamond has been put in better condition than it ever was before and bleachers, protected by wire, have been erected opposite first base. The school spirit is good and Principal Sturtevant is exercising a strong influence in behalf of healthful athletics. His fairness to the visiting teams was demonstrated Saturday when he quelled yagging, in too close proximity to home plate.

Physical Director Fraser of the Coburn Classical Institute has the following to say about Clyde Sukeforth, captain of the baseball team and the mainstay in the box: "Clyde Sukeforth, the iron man of Washington, is the captain of the Coburn Classical Institute team this spring. There has been no ball player since 'Jack' Combs who has made as many friends as 'Suke' quiet, gentlemanly, always in the game giving his best; a wonderful pitcher, a whole of a catcher, a ball player who can play anywhere, hit anything, and be relied on to pull for the team rather than for himself. Clyde Sukeforth is sure to pitch his team to victory this season."

Although Belfast High was a bit bashful about entering the school league it will try conclusions with at least two of the Knox county teams. The schedule calls for these games: Rockland in Belfast, May 11; Belfast in Thomaston, May 13; Thomaston in Belfast, May 25; Belfast in Rockland, May 29.

## Q S T WIRELESS AMATEURS

Don't forget the meeting of the Knox County Amateur Wireless Association May 5 at 7:30 p. m. at 301 Main street, near Mr. Haines of the De Forest Radio Laboratories will give a very interesting lecture on spark coils. This should prove especially beneficial to the amateur of limited means who contemplates installing a small transmitting set. Code practice while the bunch gathers and after the lecture. Take pencil and copy paper, and study up on code, please. Take your friends interested in wireless.

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MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

## Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

## OTHER ADVENTURES.

The boy and the girl who were going in search of fine adventures met a great many boys and girls at one time.

"Who are you? All of you?" asked the boy.

"And who are you?" asked the others.

"I'm an adventurer," said the boy.

"And I'm his companion," said the girl.

"We're both on our way to the House of Secrets."

"We thought of going there ourselves," said the others. "We're off for adventures."

"Let's all go together," said the boy.

"Let's," they all agreed.

"Well, I know which of these crossroads to take," said the boy, "for I was shown which was the short cut."

"We tried that road and it led nowhere at all," said the others.

"That is," added one, "there are ravines and steep banks where the dirt and you will fall down together if you're not careful. And even if you're careful it will do the same. And there is a creek a little distance below where many trees have fallen, and you have to climb over the great trunks of the trees if you want to go on."

"This other road is much smoother," said the girl. "It looks as if more people had traveled upon it."

"Don't you remember," said the boy, "how we came to the crossroads before and how we chose the smoother of the two roads rather than the bumpy one?"

"Then we met the witch and she told us that the bumpy one was the one we should have taken. We took the smooth one and it didn't lead anywhere at all. She called it the Road Commonplace."

"She told us we couldn't always dodge the bumps if we wanted to find the House of Secrets. She seemed to think bumps were really quite important."

"I think," said the girl, "that they puzzle us by doing the same thing here and that we must do the opposite of what they think we will do."

"Now they think we will take the bad road because before we took the good one, fool them and be right!"

"But," said the boy, "Joy told me that this other one was right. He

said it was a short cut to the House of Secrets."

"Yes," said one of the other boys, "it is doubtless a short cut as far as miles are concerned, but it will take you twice as long to get there that way. It's too hard."

"I'll try it," said the boy. "Come," he beckoned to the girl.

But she didn't care to go, because she thought perhaps she was being fooled and also that the boy was bossing her which was worse.

Then one of the others said, "Here, I'll lead the way. I've always been a good one for leading. Here, boys and girls. Come and do as I say. Follow me."

"I think some of you should follow me," said the girl. "I want to be a leader, and it is high time I started in. I want to be of more importance than the boy. He hasn't led in everything."

"You're going back on your companion," said the boy.

"I will lead," said one.

"I will," said another.

"No, I will," said a third.

"Let me lead," said the fourth.

They began quarreling and fighting about who should be the leader, and they did not notice it was growing dark.

Neither did they remember that everyone couldn't be a leader. The others didn't really want to do anything difficult, and the girl really knew that the boy was right in this.

But when they all quarreled there was only great confusion, and though it was only a few minutes, it took a longer time to come right than it should have done.

For quarreling and jealousy for leadership are stumbling blocks along the way to the House of Secrets.

## RIDDLES

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup, yet all the king's horses can't pull it up. A well.

Why did the coal scuttle? Why did the tree bark? Why did the porch swing? Why did the house fly? Why did the match box? Because the chimney flew.

Duly Announced.  
Marry, upon answering the door bell found a couple of women who had stopped to call. As she let them in she called to her mother: "Mother, you have a couple of customers."

**ARTHUR L. ORNE**  
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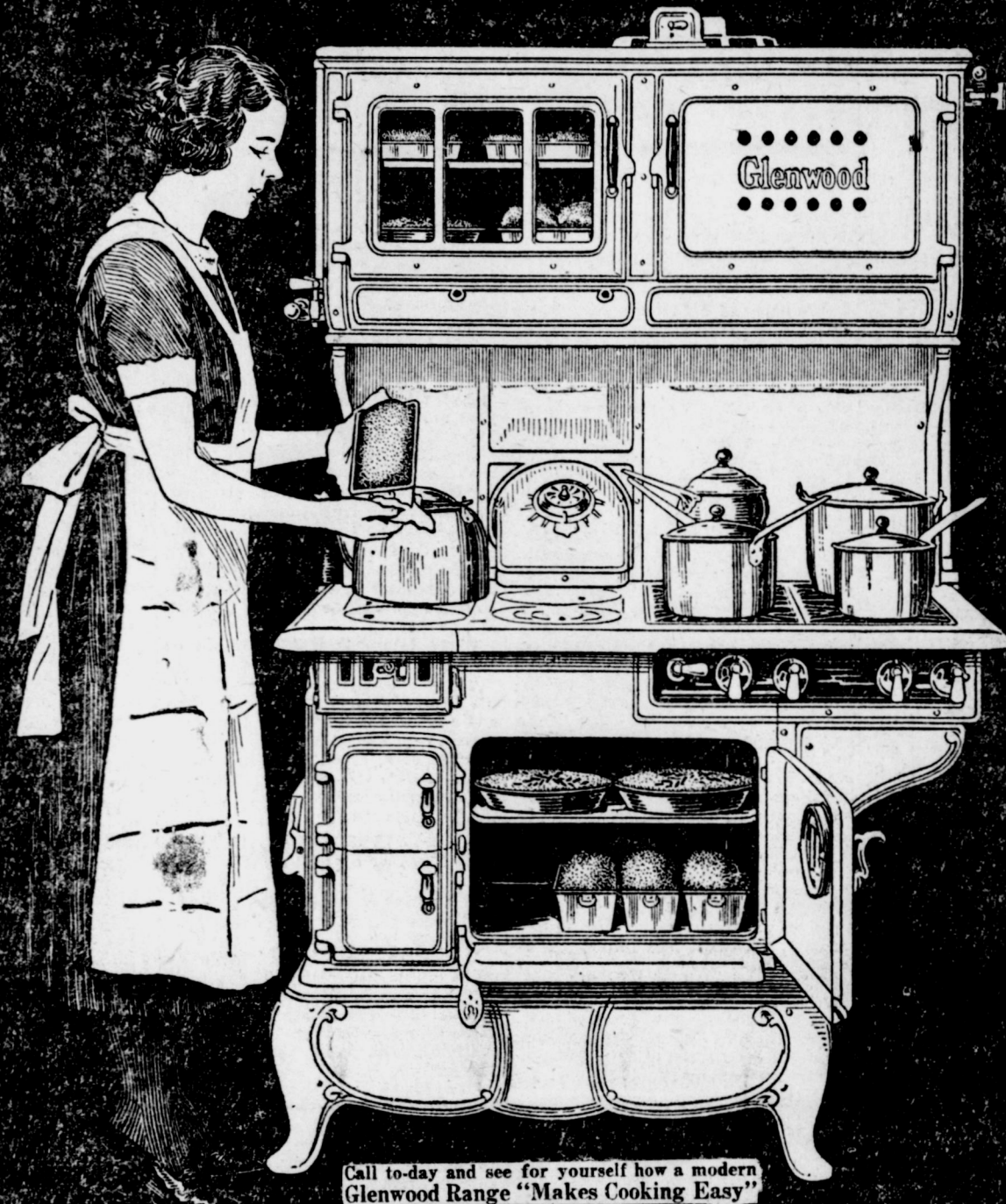
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The illustration below shows the wonderful pearl grey porcelain enamel finish—so neat and attractive. By simply passing a damp cloth over the surface you are able to clean your range instantly. No more soiled hands, no more dust and smut. It banishes the old time task of blacking the range. You owe it to yourself to enjoy the comfort and convenience of the Gold Medal Glenwood range.



Call to-day and see for yourself how a modern Glenwood Range "Makes Cooking Easy"

**Burpee Furniture Co., Rockland**

## WATERMAN'S BEACH

I told Alden Shea about losing my early hatched chickens and he told me a good story about losing some fine broilers, when he lived on the island. He said those chicks were large enough to eat and had about made up his mind to put some of them in the pot. One morning he found them all dead. He left their remains where he found them and put a steel trap in the pen. The next morning he had a mink. Alden said he sold his pet for \$4.50, about what the broilers would bring in the market.

Last Sunday's storm was a hard one on chickens. Those of some of our neighbors were drowned or frozen to death. I was over the Waterman farm Sunday forenoon and saw Nellie in oil skins caring for her chicks.

It is an old saying that when we have a storm on the full of the moon it will be a hard one. Last Saturday night's storm was the most severe rainfall we have had for months here on the coast. The tide was so high that it lifted Harry Cowan's wharf and he came near losing it.

The water is so warm in the small ponds that the boys are playing with the young frogs. They can't understand why the baby frogs don't have any legs. That is one of the greatest wonders of the times. Men in all ages have wondered whether the frogs were always as they are today. A study of nature teaches that everything is undergoing a change. Where rain started in no one can tell.

Our boys picked wild strawberry blossoms Friday and I am sending the editor a few. My garden strawberry plants were in bud and the gooseberry are in blossom. The ground in most places is full of water yet and garden seed are slow in coming out of ground.

The girls from the straw shops have arrived home and we are pleased to see cars whiz past our home, bound over the beach road. Where the girls are, there the boys will be also.

Roy Williams with a fine looking horse and truck wagon brought Roy M. Mann and his household goods down from Rockland Friday. Mr. Mann is to join the Coast Guard crew on White Head. There was a time when the boys thought they had a snap if they could land a job at the Coast Guard station. Now it is hard work to get a crew to man the boat. The pay should be big enough so that the crew would not be obliged to go fishing. I took a bunch Uncle Sam paid some of his help too much and others not half enough. It isn't much of an inducement to serve 30 years or more away from one's family and friends, in order to get in line for a small pension about the time a fellow is too old to enjoy life.

The fruit man made us a call this

## NORTH HAVEN

Nelson Mullin who has been spending the winter with his niece in Charleston, S. C., has arrived home for the summer.

Miss Dorothy Stone was given a surprise party by her schoolmates the afternoon of April 23, the happy affair being in honor of her 14th birthday.

Mrs. Gora Ames arrived home Saturday morning, having spent the winter in West Upton.

Mrs. R. E. Gillis and young son Kenneth are visiting relatives in town.

Albert Adams attended the Shriners' Ceremonial at Rockland Friday, being one of the number to take the degree. Mrs. Adams remained, visiting friends in Camden.

Miss Simpson is a patient at the Sibley Hospital.

Misses Olive Stone and Bernice Crockett, two of North Haven's teachers, visited Rockland schools last Friday.

Miss Christine Raymond spent Friday and Saturday in Rockland.

Telephone that item of news to The Courier-Gazette, where thousands of readers will see it.

## WATCH THE BIG 4

**Stomach-Kidneys-Heart-Liver**  
Keep the vital organs healthy by regularly taking the world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

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The National Remedy of Holland for centuries and endorsed by Queen Wilhelmina. At all druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitations.

## VINALHAVEN

Merritt Lenfest and George Elwell returned Friday from Camden where Mr. Lenfest purchased a Briscoe car.

Mrs. Eugenia Clark returned Saturday from a few days visit in Rockland.

The Alumni banquet will be held June 10 in Union church vestry. All members are requested to pay dues to the treasurer, Miss Faye Coburn.

Mrs. Jack Pillsbury and daughters Ruth, Audrey and Janice who have been guests of Mrs. Pillsbury's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Lenfest, returned to Thomaston Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wenning who have been guests of their daughter, Mrs. Everett Libby returned Saturday to their home in Allston, Mass.

Saturday the High School baseball team played in Thomaston and lost in a score of 19 to 6. Our boys have a fine team but had hard luck after the seventh inning. The story of the game is told in another column. A bad beginning means a good ending and we are out to win the pennant. They were accompanied by Principal Hopkins and the following party: Will Chiles, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dyer, Charlotte Dyer, Mrs. Charles Chiles, daughters Muriel and Evelyn and son Fred, Mrs. William Chiles, Thelma Mullen, Madys Hutchinson, Nellie Nickerson, Arthur Thomas, Blanchard Greenlaw, Ruth Smith, Mrs. Ben Patrick, Freeman Robinson, Maurice Bickford, William Burns, Frank Rossiter and son Harvey, Harold Arey and Leslie Dyer.

Merle Bunker arrived Saturday from the West.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Libby returned Monday from Rockland.

H. W. Fifield has a new Ford.

Those who attended the Shriners' Ceremonial at Rockland Friday were: Charles S. Libby, Dr. Ralph Thompson, Albert Adams, Harry Sanborn, W. F. Lyford, M. P. Smith and Earnest Vinal. The first three were candidates.

Mrs. Ralph Thompson and daughters Athene and Martha returned Saturday from Rockland.

The Red Men held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening, the third degree being conferred on Charles Webster and Blanchard Greenlaw. A banquet was served.

Mrs. Fredonia Cooper who has been spending the winter in Belfast returned home Friday.

The Silent Sisters were entertained Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Jennie Patterson, where a dandelion dinner was served.

Marion Black is home for a week's vacation.

Dorothy returned Friday from Rockland.

Robert Georgeson has bought the Cunningham house on the East Boston road.

The Bodwell continues on standard time.

## MATINICUS ROCK

Some storm here last Saturday night.

N. B. Fickett and A. J. Beal are waiting for rough sea to abate so they can get a trip to Matinicus after mail and supplies.

Mrs. M. D. Goff and Miss Helen Peabody gave a lunch out on the rocks Friday afternoon after school hours, to the teacher and pupils, and it was a fine time.

Little Eleanor Beal while playing near the pond was followed by her pet cat. Eleanor had seen the dogs go in for a swim and decided kitty better try it, so in she throws pretty kitty. Yes, cats can swim, she says.

Everybody wended footsteps toward N. B. Fickett's in the terrible down pour of rain, Saturday night, 23rd, with birthday greetings galore and gifts a lot more. N. B. had his mind made up to remain home alone and grow old, but Mrs. Fickett didn't mean he should do any such a thing, so she gets busy and invites the whole bunch and we had a glorious time. First we were ushered into the shed to untangle spider-webs, discovered that at the end of such a surprise package waited. Then we proceeded to the parlor where birthday cakes were cut and served with orangeade, the remainder of the evening being happily spent in conversation and victrola music. Mr. Fickett having many delightful records. At a late hour we left Fickett much younger in feeling and remarking "I'll have another birthday next month!"

A cruiser passed the Rock April 22 and the following Sunday when the seas were roughest a lobster smack went by.

## UNION

These desires of having their cream tested because of the new regulations can send it to the High School agricultural department, which will gladly do the work and return the results to you promptly.

All boys and girls who want to join the Agricultural and Home-making Clubs this year had better get their application cards from L. B. Wood and return them filled out to him as soon as possible. It is desired to get all enrolled within a week. There are prospects of a lively club in Union for the coming year; he one of them and make it more lively. Already eight have signed up and more cards coming in. Make the goal at least twenty.

Mrs. E. C. McIntosh and daughter Frances and Mrs. E. M. Hall were in Rockland Friday.

Mrs. Herbert Pulkey and daughter